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The Inkwell

Vol. XXVI

Armstrong College of Savannah, Ga., June 7, 1961

No. 8

Frat, Sorority Recognition Snuffed By Faculty Action

Campus fraternities and sororities will lose faculty and Senate recognition as of next quarter, according to a recent announcement by Armstrong's Faculty Council.

Says Academic Dean Killorin, the Board of Regents does not recognize selective fraternities and sororities in the System's junior colleges.

Consequently Dean Killorin made a motion that was carried by the faculty that:

"Fraternities and sororities for social purposes no longer be recognized as authorized student organizations, in accordance with the policy of the Regents forbidding such organizations in junior colleges of the University System."

Just this year, the Student Senate had voted and approved giving Armstrong's four sororities and fraternities representation in Senate meetings.

The organizations have not received student activity funds since they are selective in membership.

Fraternity "X", the newer Phi Delta Gamma and sororities Alpha Tau Beta and Delta Chi comprise these campus groups.

THUMBS DOWN ON CONSTITUTION

Armstrong's Faculty Council downed the new Student Government Constitution in its present form, according to a notice released right after the recent faculty meeting last Wednesday.

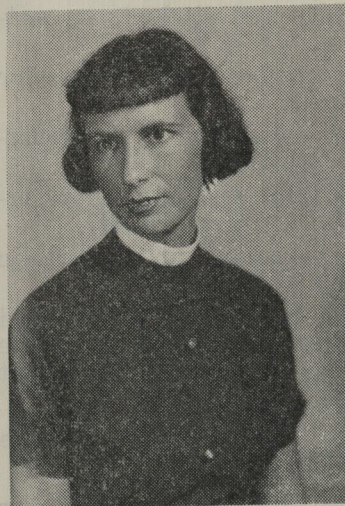
Chairman of the faculty committee Harry Persse says, "In the opinion of this committee the proposed constitution of the student government approved by the Student Senate contains serious failings and therefore is of questionable value as a practical document for student government organization."

The committee adds that some of its criticisms are as follows:

(Cont'd on page 7, col. 1)

RAAB TO LEAD OFF '61 EXERCISES

Student - Housewife Makes Valedictorian



Armstrong's '61 Valedictorian is Carolana Noonan, one of the top five in her graduating class.

Carolana Noonan, Armstrong's 1961 Valedictorian, is a pert young grandmother and an ardent student.

Her two boys, Troy, age 16, and Jan, age 13, keep her busy at home. Yet, Mrs. Noonan manages to keep up with her lessons so well at Armstrong that she is among the top five graduates.

Around school, she is especially known for her abounding energy and determination. Mrs. Noonan is a perfectionist who usually succeeds in making an "A" in every subject. English ranks as a favorite among her courses.

To cite Mrs. Noonan, "Armstrong has afforded me an opportunity I more than appreciate. I've enjoyed its courses to the fullest."

Mrs. Noonan reveals that she may either go on to complete her studies by commuting to Statesboro on Saturdays or may remain here to teach.

She is now working away on her valedictory address, the theme of which she says, mysteriously, was suggested to her by her write-up in the Savannah News-Press.

Rabbi David Raab is scheduled to offer the Invocation at Armstrong's Class of 1961 graduation exercises next Monday, marking the twenty-fifth graduating class.

Valedictorian Mrs. Carolana Noonan will address her fellow graduating sophomores with the traditional valedictory speech following the Academic Procession, National Anthem and Rabbi Raab's Invocation. Rabbi Raab is overseer of the Congregation Agudath Achim.

Dean of Students Harry Persse will recognize this year's Alpha Lambda Sigma awards, while Mr. Nelson Haslam, President Nominate of the Armstrong Alumni Association will present the association's awards.

Recipients of Engineering Scholarships will be revealed by Executive Vice-President of the Savannah Gas Company, Frank Barragan, Jr.

Jude Phillips, this year's Most Outstanding Sophomore, will receive a trophy from President Foreman Hawes.

Guest speaker Morris Bryan, Jr., a member of the State Board of Regents, is slated to address the group of 79 graduates before President Hawes recognizes this year's Honor Students.

The long-awaited conferring of degrees to robe-clad sophomores follows Honor Student presentation and precedes Rabbi Raab's Benediction and the Recession.

To The Class Of 1961 --

By the year 2000 most of you will be 59 to 60 years old. During these years space ships manned by human beings will, no doubt, be orbiting the earth, man may have visited a planet, many of our present diseases will have been conquered, there will be social and economic changes, and the contest between the free world and Communism will have been decided.

Not only these, but other changes and achievements will occur. You, as educated young men and women, will make important contributions to these changes and to these achievements.

As you move on to meet the new century, my very best wishes for a constructive and happy life go with you.

Foreman M. Hawes
President

Congratulations,

CLASS Of '61!

Best Wishes From

The INKWELL

Editorial

ACTION = ACCOMPLISHMENTS

No tears . . . no platitudes . . . no dry "farewells" to Armstrong's Class of '61. Just a glance back on this year's accomplishments, flop and feats, all of which can be described in one word: **action**.

- A new organization arose on campus amidst the fervor of this election year . . . the Student Republicans.

- The Student Senate presented and approved a new Student Government Constitution and started the wheels turning between faculty and students on matters of "students rights".

- The **Inkwell** sponsored and awarded prizes for an unprecedented poetry contest.

- Armstrong's Masquers completed a three-quarter series of **exceptional** performances.

- A group of students from around campus organized and participated in a local art exhibit.

- Armstrong's Geechees racked up a gigantic 21 straight home game winning streak.

- And last but not least, hundreds of regular old run-of-the-mill, drudging students managed to emerge at the end of the school year with their wits about them, more or less.

But now, after looking back on this year and maybe a few others, we can look ahead.

THINK TWICE BEFORE PLAYING BRIDGE

by Helene Whiteman

Students protest the playing of Bridge in the Dump; officials say it is deteriorating students' minds.

Billy Summerlin: famous bridge player renown for his winning streak says "Playing Bridge — one club — ruins your — two hearts — socialability, because it — one hamburger — doesn't give you time — with onions — to meet — no tramp, I mean no trump — your fellow class mates."

John Brooks, noted Armstrong intellectual was recently over heard saying, "I study in between Bridge games, it relaxes my mind. "Bridge is such a strain on the brain."

TAS, the Russian news agency, recently ridiculed the American Bridge Players. YORI KRONITZ, foreign correspondent for Tas, said, "How can they expect to learn our wonderful game." "After all, when we invented Bridge, it was made especially for the intellectual Russian mind." "I think they should try another Russian game, Vodka Rum-mey."

Bill Elliston, now back with us this quarter said, "Bridge has ruined my mind. Before I began playing Bridge, I had a brilliant mind. But now, I can hardly tell a spade from a club."

Mr. Harry Laughton, Chairman of the Barber Pole Inc., recently made a survey of one million American Bridge players.

It was found that 49% of those contacted were hopelessly neurotic and had only a few weeks to go before being put away. 15% were barely able to comprehend the English language, before playing Bridge many of these were English instructors. 30% had become compulsive bridge players; some admitted horrible crimes committed in order to get up a four-some.

6% proved apparently unaffected. But only time will tell about them. Mr. Laughton hopes this Bridge playing will cease, as, if it continues, within ten years all Bridge players will have completely deteriorated minds.

STUDENTS CAN'T GET TO FIRST BASE

by Robert DeLoach

Many students have shown enthusiasm for a baseball team at Armstrong. The following is a suggestion made by one of the students and President Hawes' reply. This suggestion has met much approval by both President Hawes and Coach Sims, head of the Athletic Department.

The biggest setback to such a proposal is finances; this year almost all of the surplus accumulated over the last several years from the student activity fund was used. As a result the entire financing of a baseball team would have to come from the funds collected each year. The question is "Will there be enough money to finance both a basketball team and a baseball team?" The answer is probably no.

To President Hawes:

May 23, 1961

I make the suggestion to have a baseball team representing Armstrong College in next year's season.

From what I understand, this school has enough funds and all of the necessary things for such a team; and now it is up to the Senate to appropriate the necessary funds.

Many of the students have expressed a positive and enthusiastic attitude towards Armstrong's attaining a baseball team.

I feel sure that such an endeavor would tend to heighten school spirit on the part of the student body.

Bob Raskin,
14 Thackeray Place
Savannah, Ga.
EL 4-4938

May 24, 1961

Mr. Bob Raskin
14 Thackeray Place
Savannah, Georgia
Dear Mr. Raskin:

Your note of May 23rd in the Suggestion Box is appreciated. The only way in which a baseball team can be financed by this institution is through the use of Student Activity funds. Tuition fees and money appropriated to the college by the State Board of Regents may not be used for this purpose. The present basketball team, as you may know, is financed by Student Activity Fees.

The inclusion of another intercollegiate sport in the college program would require the approval of the administration as well as the approval of the Athletic Department of the institution, and the Student Senate.

Sincerely yours,
Foreman M. Hawes
President

THE INKWELL

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Published three times quarterly by the students of Armstrong.

Editor ————— Jan Giddings
Associate Editor ——— Robert DeLoach
Features Editor ——— Diane Adams
Sports Editor ————— Robert DeLoach
Exchange Editor ——— Mary Ellen Grady
Business Manager ——— Jodie Sutlive
Poetry Editor ————— Al Walls
Staff: Nina Ravenscroft, Helene Whiteman, Bob Bonner, Nancy Cunningham, Diane Adams, Mary Ellen Grady

CAMPUS FOCUS

by Meg Grady

The University of Georgia and Georgia Tech are seeking acquire top-ranking professors. help from state businesses to Dr. O. C. Aderhold, President of the University of Georgia, says that Georgia and Tech "still are not on a competitive level with other public universities in faculty salaries."

He adds that there are only ten strong programs on the doctorate level at the University.

* * *

Two Georgia co-eds returning from Washington, D.C., after an interview with Press Secretary Pierre Salinger said that they felt the "government is in very good hands." Most of the interview concerned the Kennedy Peace Corps, which is receiving much attention on college campuses. Of 5,000 applicants, only 500 will be chosen.

Those who know a foreign language and who have skills in the field of health, education and agriculture are most desired. Mr. Salinger pointed out that work with the Peace Corps will be more strenuous than a normal tour of duty with the Armed Forces. Also, deferment from the draft is permitted only while a Peace Corps worker is on tour.

The PAGE

1961 Inkwell Poetry Magazine

The Idol

by Andrew Fountain

The setting sun doth kiss the earth,
the cycle doth begin:
The pilgrims flocks, thy presence seek,
to thee their morsels bring.
In every home (thy temple now)
the place of honor is thine;
The anxious, humble faces wait
before thy holy shrine.

Why this obeisance given thee
o splendid marvel thou?
Thy brightly polished, gleaming frame
envelopes what, allow?
A monstrous, glowing, dismal eye
aperture to thy brain
Reflects ethereal pulses caught
whate're they may contain.

Thy shining visage doth beguile,
in it a man may see
Each chronical of human life
as parodied by thee.
Destruction, murder, evil, all
and people taught to blame
Defile our souls, and human kind
goes forth to do the same.

If e're a deed you'll sore regret
Just go and buy a TV set.

Unto These Hills

by Jerome Smith

I love the life of freedom,
Breathing air so pure and sweet:
No ties to bind, no bonds to hold,
No shackles upon my feet.

The hills are home, the sky forever my friend.
The moon and stars, the wind and the rain are my only kin.
They ask no favors; I ask none.
Our understanding is intimate.
I ask no sympathy; they beg no pity.
Mutual in our sentiment.

My home is where I happen to be.
I seek no roof o'er head.
The pines and brush are sheltering sides,
The leaves and straw are my bed.

I ask only one thing of life:
Freedom to roam as I will;
For that I've loved and that I shall
"Til my heart be stilled.

THE PROFANE

by Carl Fleischaker

O ye innumerable gods
Who destroyed man's mind,
Who tore, delacerated, and mangled man's body,
Who ingurgitated young maidens through the mouths of
of volcanoes,
Who thrust the knife of death through the hearts of the fittest
of the specie,
Who hated knowledge and destroyed thought,
Whose houses were build with bricks of human flesh,
Who fought against other gods, like on a chessboard, using
men as pawns in a game called war,
Who ate the flesh of babies,
Who burned men at the stake for entertainment,
Who hated mankind and sent plagues to destroy it,
storms to drown it,
heat to burn and starve it,
microbes to blind it,
wars to lessen and mutilate it,
Who steals babies from their mother's breast and make of them
slaves,
Who has so many aliases men have forgotten that all of the
gods real name is fear,
Whose deadly enemy is science,
Who has an army of sexless helpers,
Who is a creation that seeks to destroy its creator—the human
mind,
Whose only work is to destroy,
Who shall destroy himself by annihilating man.

He Just Came

by Martin Fleischaker

He simply walked in and nothing more
Howling surge within the night
The winds blew him in
Into our humble house he comes
Fixedly staring at the empty air
He stumbled forward into living room
My questions do not move him
My commands do not stop him
My touch tells of his coldness
Coldness crept only upon when dead
He simply walked in and nothing more
And straight pathed to the back door
I stood there staring into night
Conscious of stars untouched height
He simply came
And went the same.

Child of the Dance

by Al Egan Walls

I went walking into nights
Through corridorred whites
From cited street lights
My shadow tautly stretched winds
Across spreading dream sands
Becoming the measure of many minds
Whose trembling fingered hands
Felt fringes from tingling afar
From that distant twinkling star
A sunlit summit stood shrouded
By swirling mists of snowing
Flakes falling falling falling
Filling winding paths crowded
Around a massive mountain wound
My sightless eyes stumble with
Blinding fear upon the winding ground
Unfelt by my feet and yet
Step after step soundless set
My feet are sure of journey down
From the summit sudden breezes blew
And the snowing mists parting dance
My shadows height immeasurable knew
No extent of imagined distance
There a world of circled light pitted steep
in dark; visited often but always
Alien in each return; down lead my feet
Into the place of eternal days
Formless faces faceless faces seen
Swimming about in an ocean scene
Playing child games on the beaches
On sands of narrowed night reaches
Laughing dancing and playing
I walked among these faces questioning
But their ears were turned inside out
And my words but sounds in their winds
I have been here before and yet I know
That I am naught but a single shadow
From the corridorred whites reaching
Noon hour approached in time
The white sun wore long
The faceless faces froze
Their unheard laughter frowned in line
As the carved statue stone that knows
Chesiled expectation upon the brow
Chills that creep the neck now
The Dancers are coming from the dawn
Their melodies are near
Melodies mixed with wanton fear
From hanging horizons are spawn
Tenacles soft that enclose the heart
And skins tight wet shivering start
A board a surf board a black surf board
With every wooden grain set in motion
Prowling brow through a blood-red ocean
As waves white topped waves rolling
Snocopated motions seem as though trolling
Propelled by unheard notes of music the
Music of the Dance coming slowly
From the purples of midnight moods
The Dance was begun
Each Dancer separate dancing
Simple patterns intricate ones
They spin the Dance weaving
Into one tangled web trapping
The Dancers in their own motion
Caught in the finished twilight

Left lonely from the music's height
The rolling board by dancing motion
Slowly tipped into the ocean
The height of the Dance was reached
And the dancing daughters ceased
The fathomed depths of despair
To claim its own from these fair
Fallen dancers swimming for the shore
Reflexive stroking untaught before
Selected few survived
Selected few vainly tried
Selected many simply died
The black surf board
Waited upon the blood-red ocean
Waited for their return waited forever
The Dancers were gone in joyous emotion
With the faceless faces hands together
Toward a faint light distant glimmering
Shouting laughing love's commotion
Toward someplace they have been before
And always return when dancing no more
Someplace where: Silver spirals twinkle light
Glitter bright
Though no sun light
Glances them
As diamond needles silver silvers slice
The sky spread dim
Sky of rubied ice
While heavy gold domes round white
Roll between the silver silvers
Through these are heard a melody's height
When reached ever quivers
Somewhere within the forest green
A dove of snowy white
Blinks at shadowed light
Then sighs a note so fair
Vibrating through misty air
Yearning through mists is born
So pure that everything does seem
To verge listening listening
They sing the days into nights
Fringed around the lights
Their echoes bounce to nowhere
They walk the meadows
Of moonglown shadows
Quivering where
Sparkling silver spatters the air
Nervous dreams flow quietly fair
And musically slip to stilled lair
A caress of breeze dips down into the vale
Where colors freeze and only blacks prevail
Wavers rythmically across a glowing sea
Of goblic grass and twisted tree
Of goblic grass and twisted tree
Some flittering nymph with pale blue eyes
Strums the quivering night with delicate wings
Prancing amid the moonglown shadows sighs
The trilling tune the starry night brings
Then in glance quicker
Than one eyes flicker
She shyly peaks from the slinking shadows
Then darting about
With silent shout
She dances out
To tease the Dancers in the meadows
(Continued on next page)

In the midnight's purple meadows
 Someplace beyond fantasies door
 Where they always return when dancing no more
 From dormant domain his nautical nest
 Posiedon poised as crystaled crest
 White wave wash warm the fallen figure
 Figure of a child upon the beach
 A forgotten child alone and crying
 Quiet in defeat child crying
 She was the fairest of the Dancers
 An angelic child on the sands
 Untouched by the wanton hands
 Come child don't fear hope yet
 Somewhere before we have met
 Perhaps in dreams, perhaps in Eden
 Yes — Once you and I were there
 In Eden's holy air
 But by confusion
 Wrought of intrusion
 Were expelled without care
 Never to see
 Where we used to be
 If perhaps only
 To our eyes
 Eden's skies
 Are blinding bright
 Vieled by the flames of cherub's light
 Search as we might
 Through the land
 Eden's not to find
 It is by God's hand
 Hid in desert sand
 In mirages of the mind
 It was our Baptism of love
 How could you forget
 That then my love
 Our love was let
 Perhaps it was there love did begin
 But now in this place to what end
 What is the name of this place

CHILD — It has no name it has no face
 SHADOW — By what name are you called now
 CHILD — I am called as I am
 SHADOW — Stay child of the dance with me
 If but only a second in eternity
 CHILD — No I must go
 You know I must go
 When it happens with them I must be
 SHADOW — When what happens
 CHILD — The Benediction
 SHADOW — The Benediction of what
 CHILD — Emotions
 SHADOW — What emotions
 CHILD — All emotions
 SHADOW — What is this Benediction to be
 CHILD — Oneness
 SHADOW — By whom
 CHILD — God
 Then child you must be first love
 And this place with no face must be . . .
 I am lost
 My eyes are sightless once more
 Child I am lost Child help me
 My answer — snow flakes falling
 Storming mists, sounds thundering
 Winds soaring to bluey peaks of
 Nightmare red in my mind

My Life's Philosophy

by Martin Fleischaker

Send for a twinkle of stardust
 Sprinkling the juice of the fern
 And grasp forth a green arm
 Lightly touched in melancholy
 Bring forth a dream and
 disperse the germ of the world
 across the sands of time
 Help where there is no help
 But find the cause of purple hope
 into a vineyard
 And hold the fire cooked
 sunlight of a dead pheonix
 bird, and drown all your
 sorrows into one big laughing pot
 and all the while cry
 until you swallow your
 inner scream and burst forth with loud
 shouts of broken fragments.

Two Moons

by Al Egan Walls

1

White moon
 Frail white moon
 High in the sky
 Near noon
 White moon
 Nestled in blue
 Silently slips by clouds
 Shadowed by a red sun
 Unnoticed by the children
 Laughing and playing

2

Yellow moon
 Full yellow moon
 High in the sky
 Near midnight
 Yellow moon
 Nestled in black
 Noisily nods to stars
 Sun light of the night
 Waited upon by the children
 Sleeping and dreaming

("CHILD OF THE DANCE" — Cont'd from col. 1)

Sudden . . . My eyes no longer blind
 On sunlit summit once again
 My cry to the child had been in vain
 Togetherness replaced by such pain
 Somewhere below a world is below
 Of dancers and the child of dreams
 Lost to me now gone to other dreams
 I grabbed at the flakes melting
 Melting melting melting melting
 To keep them ice to keep them snow
 But grabbed only water flowing
 Through my fingers through my shadow
 Running waking cold water flowing
 My shadow is shrinking shrinking
 Light from another light
 Man-strung nightmarish light
 Hanging above in my night
 When it passes swiftly back to night
 My shadow tautly stretched winds
 Across spreading dream sands
 Running toward another star finds
 The child with searching hands —

As Grains Of Sand

by Al Egan Walls

"The world of man
as grains of sand"

On Brotherhood

A grain of sand said to another,

"Sister, how can I call you brother?"

On Love

Two grains of sand close as a glove
sighed and decided to call it love

On Existence

One grain of sand said — I am,
and the other grain said — I'll be damn.

On Freedom

A leaf fell from a tree
and called itself free

On Hope

A speck of dust under a microscope
saw an eye ball peeking and called it hope.

On The Future

The rock said to the man
I started as only a grain of sand.

On Courage

A snow flake said to the sun,
"I dare you to melt me."

On Segregation

One grain of sand said to another,
"This beach won't hold both of us, brother."

On Cuba

First Cuban — "Who's our leader now?"
Second Cuban — "I thought you were."

On India

"We can be neutral friends
can't we?"

On Canada

"Wait til I ask mother."

On France

"Squeak, squeak, squeak!"

On Vision Phones

"O—you're taking a bath."

On Servitude

African Cannibal:
"I'm sure glad we're descended from Ham."

On Judgment Day

And the ending of the beginning of nothing begins to end.

On Beatniks

Monkey to an Ape:
"Look here, Big Daddy."

On the Cold War

Let's keep Venus De Milo out of the arms race.

SPARROW! SPARROW!

by Al Egan Walls

This brown form
From nature born
Was still so warm
Here in my hand held so
As from its dying beak
There came a sighing low
A tear came down my cheek.

Sparrow! Sparrow! Oh, sweet song bird
Why from thy breath
The first suggest
Of spring is heard
no more?

Sparrow! Sparrow! Upon the floor
Why from thy perch
In bough of birch
To sky will soar
no more?

"Narrow arrow, so swiftly sent
From hunting hand
Came here to land
And quickly rent
My core."

ESCAPE

by Martin Fleischaker

Don't mind me if I stop to dream and float
drifting alone in some desolate beach shore
With words splashing in and out as the mind
recalls the flowing waters recede and back
and forth and floating along the tide.

If you hope to talk to me, I shall be gone
to this sandy shore, I shall be gone away
from burdensome memories, I shall be swept away
with the cool water and the salty breeze
I shall escape the rivers of worry and concern
and I will float into my mother waters
that await the loving child.

And when you look up the third time
to speak to me in my eninity
I will have been completely gone.

World Without Life

by Martin Fleischaker

The sun shines down
Upon the sands
Upon the lifelessness
That once held beauty
Life that once lerked
On this barren land
But is now gone
To wander to other domains
And to suffer other pains
Life is not as gloomy
As this land
For it will find a new home
A new spark of existence
And these sands
These sands will only
Cast lonely shadows on
Endless days and lonely nights
Now it has lost it's reason
To be for there is no life
Only void.

HE WAS THE FIRE OF SPEED

Dedicated to Jay Robert Meddin

by Jerome Smith

I pray you one and all
Listen to my tale
About a young man,
Who blazed a fire trail.
Early in his life
The racers became
The things he loved most
And challenged to tame,
A young lad he was,
Age: seventeen;
But he went on to become
The racing world's king.
"I must race," he said.
(His blood cried for speed)
He raced til dead
A four wheeled steed.
Two tons of metal,
Deadly as such.
Yet . . . it responded
To his slightest touch.
Some were begrieved
At his choice of life
But none could forbid,
Not even his wife.
He left in the spring
For his fortune and fame
And soon all the world
Knew of his name.
He scaled fame's ladder;
Not once did he stop
Until triumphantly
He conquered the top.
His dream came true,
He passed the test.
None could compare,
He was the best.
He earned his title
With sweat and guts.
It was rightfully his
He used no short cuts.
Great was his fame,
But short did he live
In turn for his name
His life he did give.
Yet . . . his fame is not forgotten,
Long will live his fame.
He was decreed Jay Robert,
Fire-Brand was his name.
And now . . . wherever he is
I'm sure he still lives up to his code:
Live fast; love hard; die young
And scourch the "Roaring Road."

THROUGH A GLASS
by Homer Nicholson

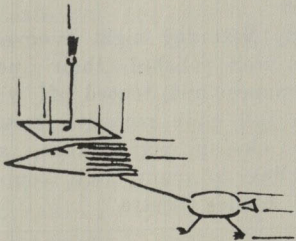
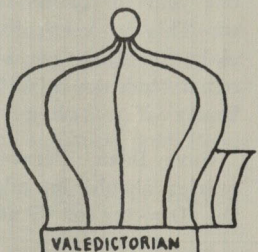
If you stand very still behind this
glass door
And look straight out at the bare
trees in the rain
The door will disappear
But figit or look too near
Yourself, and a raging sheet of glass
Will slam down and keep you
From it all.

L
E
R
O
Y

Run, every body, run !



Run everybody, the sky is falling in 4 quarters.



Oh no! I'll never ops!

"Thumbs Down" —
(Cont'd from page 1, col. 2)
"Considerable Departure"
"It represents a considerable departure from past Senate organization and substitutes for it an over-complex organization of offices and bodies none of whose functions could not be handled by the present Senate organization and committees therefrom."
"It is a lengthy and involved document containing numerous details or organization and procedure better left to by-laws or rules of procedure."
"It involves the student government in matters ordinarily the responsibility of the faculty and civil authorities."
Plans are now being drawn up for both student and faculty committees to meet before the close of school and possibly during the summer in order to reach an agreement.

"Dean's List" —
(Cont'd from col. 3)
Freshmen on the list for two quarters were Ann Black, Julianne Bruggeman, Ronald Cason, Nancy Cunningham, Kathleen Dillon, Robert Eiseman, Frank Exley, Mary Ellen Grady, Roy Hill Jr., Nancy Johnson, Linda Krenson, Jacqueline Padgett, Harold Schoelkopf, Anne Smith, Brenda Stallcup and Sandra Touchberry.

Karen Lange, who was inadvertently omitted from the Honor's Day Assembly recognition, has also attained the Dean's List for two quarters.



Asher's
For Feminine Fashions

STUDENTS RECEIVE ACTIVITY, HONORS RECOGNITION

Seventy-two students, other than Silver "A" recipients, received scholastic and activity honors and recognition at A.C.S.'s Honor's Day Assembly, Wednesday, May 24.

They include: Publication awards went to Cornelia Van Diviere, Catherine Van Diviere, Sally Anderson and Jerry Tootle for their work on the Geechee. Jan Giddings, Robert DeLoach, Helene Whiteman and Mary Ellen Grady received awards for their work on the Inkwell.

Debaters

Tops in the debate field were Donald Crafts, Andrew Fountain, Alex Quarterman, Joe Marcus, Cliff Sowell and Fred Vetter.

The home economics awards went to Boonie Booker.

Top students in the Masquers (drama) were Jackie Padgett, Harriet Owens, John Brinson and Jack Martin.

Winner of the freshman chemistry award was Henry Keck.

James R. Gregory received the beginning physics awards.

Cheerleader awards were presented to Jude Phillips, Catherine Embry, Stratton Ingram, Ann Carter, Glenda Brunson, Linda Krenson and Naarah Van Puffelen.

Letters in the field of sports went to first year men Bill Ball, Larry Langford, Jimmy Greenway, Larry Mauer, Robert Anderson, Jerry Warren, Bobby Wing, Bernard Womble, Edward Lamb, Tommy Sasser and Dicky Shearouse. Second year men awarded letters were Bruce Dannelly, Jimmy George, Tracy Dixon, Danny Stewart and Robert Bogo.

Dean's List

Students included on the dean's list for five quarters were Donald Crafts, Jeannine Girard and Gail Haupt.

Sophomores on the dean's list for three quarters were Howard Arata, Jannie Batayias, Les Eargle, Jr., Catherine Embry, Ann Farren, James Gregory, Rebecca Kiley, Mrs. Carolana Noonan and Jenine Smith.

79 A. C. S. SOPHS TO ACCEPT DEGREES

79 sophomores will comprise Armstrong's class of 1961 as they receive Associate in Arts degrees this Monday, June 12, 7:30 P.M., in the Grand Ballroom of the DeSoto Hotel.

Dean of Students Harry Persse says graduation candidates will wear dark blue robes and caps.

The only student to be conferred with an Associate in Science degree is Claude Horton.

As the Inkwell goes to press, those eligible for graduation include:

Charles Arthur Ainsworth, Harold Akins, Theodore Allen, Howard Arata, Janice Bacon, Jannie Batayias, Joseph Anthony Battle, Carol Carson, Betty Ann Chapman, Ernest Clark and Sharon Clark.

Other graduates are Donald Crafts, John Crapps, John Cupstid, Charles Davis, Billy Deen, Robert DeLoach, Harry Dickey, Harriett Terry Drucker, Ann Farren, Camilla Franklin, Federico Santos Gapac and Donald Gellins.

More are Jeannine Girard, Marie Green, Judith Habas, William Hickey, Royce Hinely, Thomas Holland, Frank Horne and Harold Horton, Josie Franklin Hudgins and Michel Kavanaugh.

James Kearney, Raymond Kessler, Rebecca Kiley, David Kirschner, Jerry Kustick, Callie Lamb, Mrs. Betty Levy, Sally Magee and Joe Marcus will also ascend the platform.

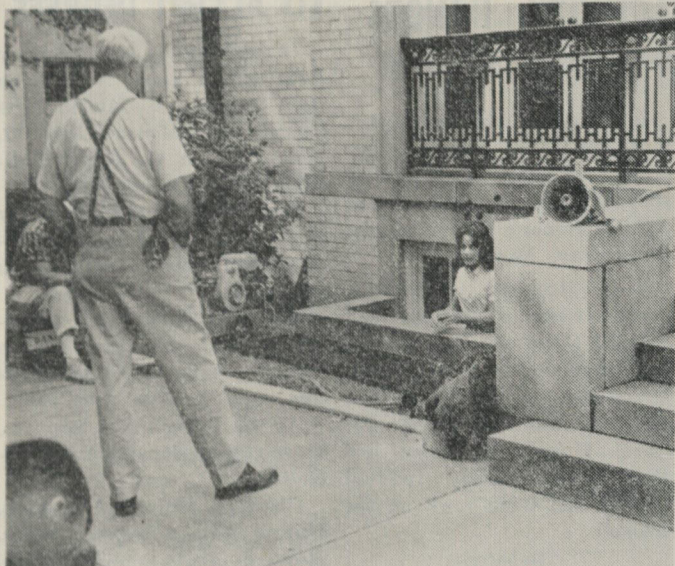
Also included are Grady Murphy, Brenda Newsome, Gim Shek Ng, Carolana Noonan, William O'Leary, Eric Olson, Joseph Page, Jude Phillips and Jacqueline Rabhan.

Following the above are Nina Ravenscroft, Charles Ray, Thomas Reagan, George Sevier, Frank Sigmon, Wayne Simpson, Charles Singleton and Jenine Smith.

Joe Braxton Smith, Gerald Ervin Tech, Catherine Van Diviere, Cornelia Van Diviere, Stephen Michael Walsh, Marc Ward, Lloyd Weatherby, Martha Faye Webb, Angela Whittington and Carroll Zealy will also receive A.A. degrees.

Included in the '61 graduates are James Gregory, Gordon Beck, Frank Bledsae, Mrs. Elizabeth Hitt, Daphne Lee, Les Eargle and Pat Crumpler.

A. C. S. GOES HOLLYWOOD



With Lori Martin climbing through windows and cameramen scuttling around campus, Armstrong acquired the atmosphere of a Hollywood movie set. Cast and crew from the new film "Cape Fear" recently invaded the collegiate scene to cut scenes for the movie.

Several Armstrong students have dubbed in as extras for the film . . . not to mention instructor Warren Shuck's vivacious and versatile dog, Heidi, who managed to include herself in about every scene the Hollywood crew had filmed on campus.

Starring in the movie are Gregory Peck, Robert Mitchum, Polly Bergen and Lori Martin. The company urges students to be sure to see the film when it is released locally.

STUDENTS TRY FOR TURKEYS, PATCHES

by Helene Whiteman

Live Oaks Bowling Lanes invited Armstrong students to form bowling leagues at the beginning of January. Since then every Tuesday at four o'clock at the "alley" students have taken those three-holed spheres in hand and bowled.

Because bowling is America's favorite sport for men and women, it is surprising that out of 18 people who attend the Armstrong League bowling, only two have been girls.

Enthusiasts say remember to come to the Live Oak Lanes at four o'clock, Tuesday, "have a ball" and bowl with an Armstrong League.

The Ivey Tower

by Jan Giddings

I like to end the year with a bang, with a real top-notch, pithy, thought-provoking column. But I realize my limitations so have decided instead to throw in some leftovers from our File 13.

American Zen: "There is no birth, there is no life, there is only the coffee break."

Two bitter philosophers spied a romantic entering the coffee house. One said "Let's Hegel the man." Said the other, "Kant."

The difference between a salon and a saloon is that when you go into a salon for three hours you come out looking beautiful, but when you go in a saloon for three hours, everything looks beautiful.

The centipede was happy quite

Until the toad, for fun, Said, "Pray which leg comes after which?"

She lay distracted in the ditch Considering how to run.

News - Press reporter Patrick Kelly, in response to reading an article in the last issue of the Inkwell ("Student's Tail Is Told"), recently inquired of biology instructor Dr. Davenport just who the student was with the tail.

Mr. Kelly, do you like pancakes?

GORDON, MASQUERS AT THEIR BEST

by Bill Muller

With the strains of the William Tell Overture the Masquers began their first performance of the spring production, *The Skin of Our Teeth*, last Thursday, May 25, thus marking the greatest Masquer production to date.

The audience was relatively small but receptive; and the performances of Jackie Padgett as Sabina and Bonnie Shepard as Esmeralda, the fortune teller, did nothing to destroy this atmosphere of receptiveness.

The usual nervousness brought about by opening night resulted in several fluffs which were appreciated by the cast but hardly noticed by the audience.

Friday night the audience was larger but not quite so empathetic. Many forgotten lines of Thursday night were remembered and there were hardly any mistakes on the part of the cast.

By Saturday night everyone had well polished their performances and, topped off with the full quite receptive house, the closing performance, according to many, well topped the Little Theatre.

Regents' Grants Open To A.C.S. Students

Armstrong officials announce the new Regents' State Scholarships now available to Armstrong students. The scholarships, about \$3000 in all, are awarded by individual institutions to students on the basis of need and scholarship, according to Dean of Students Harry Persse.

Announcements from the State Board of Regents say that applications should be in well before September, which is the deadline for all scholarships to be processed by the Regents' office.

Eligible students must be in the upper 25 percent of their respective classes and must promise to work in the state one year for each \$1000 granted. This is, according to officials, to make certain no talented students miss the opportunity of a college education.

Says Dean Persse, "all inquiries should be addressed to the Director of Student Aid."



Flashback



by Helene Whiteman

Another nine months of school ended in May, 1937, bringing the end of newspaper reporting for the Inkwell. Thinking back over 1937, what was accomplished?

The Inkwell office was moved from the third floor of the Lane building to its present position located in the "penthouse" above the Armstrong building.

From several suggestions, such as *The Armstrong Annual*, the name 'Geechee' was selected for our school yearbook.

The Inkwell took it upon itself to give advice to professors, such as "Never use words with more than two syllables when lecturing."

We weathered the crisis of having both a sophomore and freshman class for the first time.

This was the year girls wore fur coats to school, and typical was a green dress with brown laces up the front.

Sportswise: While we cheered our winning football team,

our fencing team was making a name for itself.

The biggest laugh of the year was over the then-new lunchroom being appropriately named "The College Nut."

Wonder how 1961 at Armstrong will be written up in the annals of history?

Fine's

Where Fashions
Make Their Debut